

a joint project of Crone's Digest Mothers News and Harlots Illustrated Quarterly

PALE INCONSISTANT & COLD

October is kind of a season of death but really it's more like a season of rotting, which, like everything that is splendid and beloved, is an activity that produces heat and fertile topsoil. We are ghouls, goblins, haunters, agents of entropy, creators of heat, and eaters of meaning-- this is our season! Slugs, pillbugs, slime mold, millipedes, all that is low and base... every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth has dominion over all that stands-- that's what it says in the Bible (not in that order). As the human Carl Jung once said, "One does not become enlightened by imagining figures of light, but by making the darkness conscious." We are the darkness, conscious and imagined... The positively charged negative spaces between ignoble Matter, between idiot Time. A dark richness and horrid largesse, fetid and fecund, tepid and turgid... Ghouls... arise and haunt...

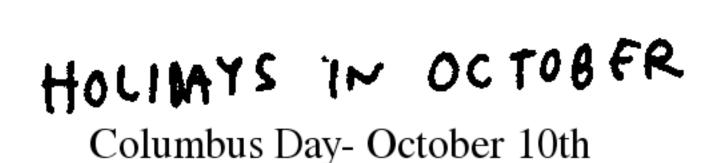
SCENE REPORT: NIGHT

TIME: Daybreak always happens at a specific time- when the first rays of light fire indelicately direct from the top tip of the sun to your miserable wet sin-sotted visage. If you were so inclined you could predict exactly to the dayminute when this would be (and those of us who melt in the radiance of God's love would be wise to do so). Night, on the other hand, is more fadey... it doesn't happen right when the sun first touches the horizon, nor does it happen right when the sun finally descends exactly below. All I can say is, when it happens, you'll know. A meteorologist will tell you that night is generally shorter than day, but anything alive or (especially) dead will tell you that night is always much much longer. Night has its own time, which is irrational, psychological, interminable, insatiable, and mischievous. This time is NOT a mere parody or full reversal of daytime, it is it's own thing, speeding up and slowing down and making a moment into an eternity and vice versa.



SPACE: In addition to having its own time, night has its own space, in which things move strangely, creeping in the background until they are almost upon you, at which point they dart around quite daringly. This is partly because the eye judges distance and movement differently in high- and low-light light scenarios, and partly because night belongs to spirited marginalia, nearly-forgotten items, obsession, and imaginaria, and BOY do those things ever creep/dash!

STRATEGY: Despite the fact that we can predict exactly when the day will start, it is impossible to know when the night will end-- it's true that it gets darkest just before dawn, but that should not be used as an indicator, as, in practical experience, it can always get darker. If you're out at night and you are being hunted by a person, find a good spot and wait it out until dawn / discouragement. if you're being hunted by an animal, yeah right- they can smell you and hear you and out run you, and they kill kill kill, their whole life is death. Your only hope is to make your mind as blank and cold as ice, for the wind to take you, or to be the earth, to be dirt. If it comes to a fight, remember that the most deadly animal is that closest to death, so try to get as close to death as possible, then turn.





WHAT'S THAT SOUND? a helpful identification guide for future victims

Animal In The Walls - faraway crunching sound that stops when you tap the wall or walk around loudly but not when you turn the light on

Future Weapon - extremely high pitched, raising in tone as it lowers in volume

Hook Hand - sound of hooked hand / someone whose hand is a metal hook, could be OK.

Portal Opening Then Closing - static crackle, then zzzzzzah, then whhhhump, then like pssshhhhhhewwwsssssssuh

Something Dragging Something That Is Moving - uneven thumping or shuffling steps with rubber-soled shoes, sound of what's in the bag knocking against a lamp, sometimes with soft cursing or muttering

Demonic Toys- fast pitter patter that stops when the lights

Weasel-Like Creature With Long Claw For Tearing Stomachs - like a woman screaming senselessly and without hope

turn on

Extremely Poisonous And Cold Snake, Practically Invisible - no sound- sudden cessation of other sounds



NON-CANONICAL SCARY MOUIES

a good list by Dan Cashman

"Spooky and Weird"
The Child
Strange Behavior
The Witch that Came
from the Sea
Dark Forces

"Kids Okay"
The Willies
Kill, Baby, Kill!
Lemora: A Child's Tale
of the Supernatural
The Changeling

Dead and Buried Bloody Moon Evil Speak Witchery

"Gore Zone"

"Wicked Scary"
Sleepaway Camp
Crawlspace
Tourist Trap
Alice, Sweet Alice

"Sketchy and Questionable" Blood Harvest Blood Song Splatter Farm Sledgehammer



10/21/11 6-9PM **NEW WORK AND RE-RELEASE OF:**

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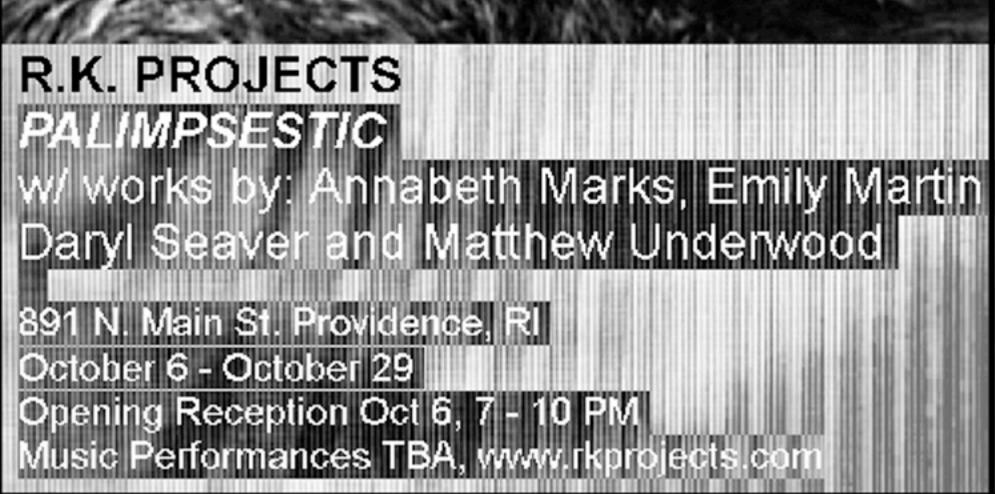
TeenabE WASTE LAND

BY VINNY MARTIN

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LANGUAGE LAB: SUMERIAN

Sumer was a civilization that began in 4500 BC in what is now Iraq. They were the seemingly the first civilization on Earth to practice intensive year-round agriculture, and as a result, they were the first to need/ develop a system of writing. Subsequently they were the first to write down their beliefs, which centered around local gods for each city/zone, each with their specialities (perfectly suited to keeping an elaborate caste system in check). When Sumer was subsumed by Babylon in the 20th century BC, its language was maintained as a sacred, ceremonial, literary and scientific language, until the 2nd or 3rd century BC.

People who want to get almost-as-low-as-you-can-go spooky will often call on the gods and demons of ancient Sumer. Going very far back in time is like going very deep in the ocean- it's extremely dark, the pressure is very high, and there's a feeling that there are extremely huge things moving slowly and invisibly, things that you can only hope pretty much don't care about you. Sumer's identity as "the first civilization" (according to some definitions) makes a nice dovetail with using Sumerian crap in end of the world scenarios. Additionally Sumer has the dignity of existing before Babylon (a code word for modernistic hubris). The gods and demons of ancient Sumer figure heavily in the Simon edition of the Necronomicon, in the Exorcist movie franchise, and in Ghostbusters (the first one).

alal - destroyer alla xhul / dingir xhul evil god barra! - begone! edin na zu! - go to the desert! (basically "fuck off") gigil xhul - evil spirit idimmu - demon idpa - fever kashshaptu - witch lalartu - phantom lalassu - spectre maskim xhul - evil fiend (also "bad sheriff") mulla xhul - evil devil uruku - larvae zi dingir anna kanpa! - spirit/god of the sky, remember! zi dingir kia kanpa! - spirit/god of the earth, remember!

NB: Sumerian is an agglutinative language, meaning words are built up of smaller, meaningful forms (English is this way too, eg "unfuckwithable"). Sumerian is rare in that it is agglutinative all the way down to the single sound- every vowel and consonant has a meaning. Even stranger, these meanings are somewhat rational, and descriptive. In a modern language (with some/exceptions) meaning is divorced from sound-- in Sumerian and Proto-Sumerian, the mouth and the sounds that it made were used to make a picture or gesture to relate to an object, action, or phenomenon. It's not a stretch to picture two people without a common language trying to communicate the idea "water", by forming their mouth into the shape one uses when pouring in water from a vessel, and making the sound "a" (which in Sumerian means "water" and by extension, watercourse, canal, offspring, father, tears, and flood). Similarly, "b/p", which accentuates the opening of the mouth, means "cavity or receptacle" (and by extension, to take, choose, allocate; choice"). And "d/t", which accentuates the sides of the mouth, means "edge, side" (and by extension, to approach, to leave, to interact with, to act, to do, to perform). "Kashshaptu" is a compound word made of other compound words that eventually breaks down to "throat (consume / kill) + water (father) + (sound of lots of things together) + (sound of lots of things together) + water + receptacle (choose) + edge (act)". It's this quality that makes Sumerian magic extra-



MOTHERS TOP TEN

in no order

1. EXHUMED . american deathgrind band from 1990 and still festering in their desiccated sockets. Carcass is the big name in the genre maybe but I prefer Exhumed for their speed, guitar solos, and clear purchase of a mortuary science textbook. Compare Carcass' "Your pulverized torso languishes in its pool of pus / Minced, cancerous viscera - gore seeps from the guts" with Exhumed's "Ruptured gastroduodenal flexure erupts, saponifying moist retroperineal fats /

Sporozic fungi, virulent bacteria, and parasitic microorganisms I sadistically inject...". Also, they have songs where they say "LET'S GO", before the mosh part, which is pretty crucial, and as Spazz once said, "not a game".

2. a hawk tried to drop a rat on me as i rode my bike, but i easily swerved and avoided it. the rat was there for days afterward before being carried off by presumably another rat.

3. MUSICALEPISODE.COM - new blog by GWMyers of Breaking World Records is all funk and soul 45s with loving detail. Ahhh it's all killers...

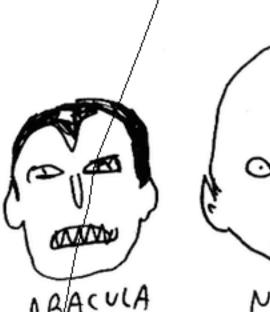
4. POINT JUDITH - me and Sicky drove out to this nice ocean spot with Scott Rebar and Broccoli Rob and almost got dashed to pieces against the rock jetty. We almost died, then ate potato chips, then came home. I love the ocean for its violence but not to me, not to me. Also Point Judith is where Jandek is from #funfact.

5. MAGGOT BRAIN (song) by FUNKADELIC - "I have tasted the maggots in the mind of the universe-- I was not offended..."

6. CROW - speaking of maggot brain, is it true that the singer of this band has a dead crow in a bag and huffs the bag during shows? If it isn't, can no one ever tell me? COOL BAND.

7. STEELY DAN "KATY LIED" LP. why do people stress about slobby black metal and board games when it's clear that the distinct hand of a demon is operating with terrifying precision on earth? I guess it's like how when there's a table of \$eriously evil characters at a restaurant they just eat and leave, and the ones to look out for are the petty fuckers, trying to get insulted. Or maybe it's because people only pick fights they know they can win... That's the difference between a person and a fiend...

8. HYSTERICAL PARASITE\$ / FUNGIBLE WILL - my psychic twin Kat Dog was talking big about tiny mothers and I caught the itch by thought alone. That sucks, but then I realized that thoughting really tiny and (especially) abhorrent things into existence is easy, and a dollar is tiny and the root of all evil, and the rest... (wipes hands, lights cigar)...















BIOGRAPHY: VAMPIRA "the devouring mother"



There is a spooky mist on a black and white television screen. Out of the swirling (traditional) chaos steps, or rather teeters, VAMPIRA, a twisted parodic ghoul both alive and dead. Buxom, uncaring, her appetite is an unknown quantity. Somehow she has no stomach, only lungs. You have seen her, driving through Hollywood in a convertible, shrieking at every stoplight. You don't know what time it is. Oh, it's midnight.

Vampira is aka Maila Nurmi, December 1922 - January 2008. She was the world's first "horror host", in the 1950s. She made her own fake three inch black nails out of plastic tubs and applied them with airplane glue. To achieve her extraordinary 17 inch waist, she applied a homemade mixture of papaya and cold cream, then bound her waist with an inner tube. She got into all the hippest clubs but couldn't eat anything while wearing her trademark corset or she'd throw up. She was criticized for making fun of the movies she showed, but isn't that how the dead are always resurrected- as farce?

In any event, she suffered the ignoble fate of almost all resurrectors- petty bickering, sour deals, and general misfortune. Before striking it big as a shrieking enigma, Vampira was a model for Vargas and Man Ray (amongst others). She was friends with James Dean and his death was rumored to have been caused by a spell she put on him. In later years, jamped by the studios, she worked as a housecleaner to Tuesday Weld, Troy Donahue, and Tab Hunter, and also installed linoleum floors.

Her show, massively successful in LA, was essentially syndicated across the nation without her. The role of horror host was sloughed off of a vast array (1 per city) of TV news weathermen and character actors who answered the call, put on black coats and fake hair, stood in dry ice, and shouted. We do not despise these people, we simply recognize a fact- that at the end of the day, they took the makeup off. At one point she and a friend went to see a sold-out midnight showing of her most famous movie, "Plan Nine from Outer Space", in which she played "the ghoul's wife". They couldn't get in- the theatre manager insisted that "Vampira is dead.". Vampira didn't argue with him, and they left. After living on SSI, running an antique store, and meeting famous car air freshner salesmen the Misfits, Vampira died, in her makeup, at age 86.



STANDARD STOPPAGE // VISIBLE RENDERING

Line-O-graph)

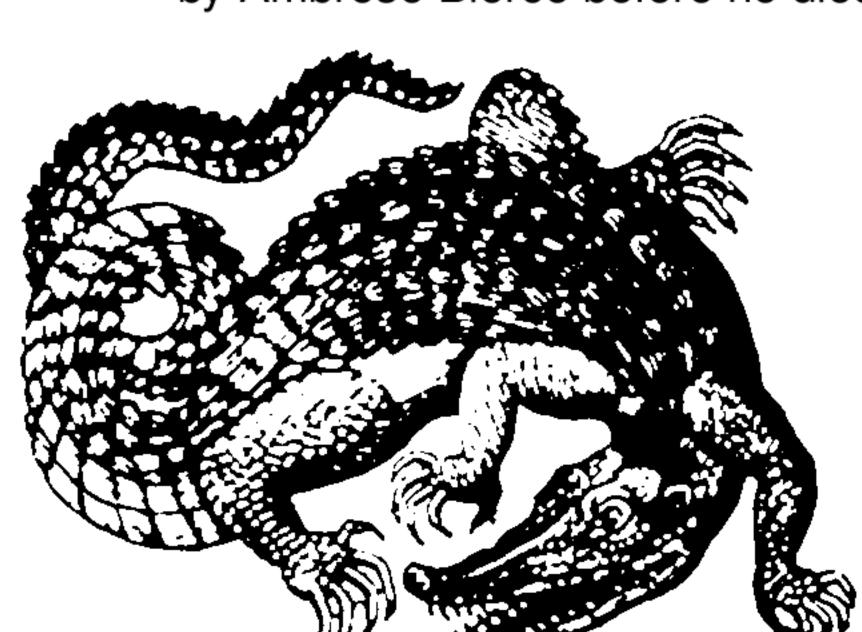


Trace this line onto a separate piece of paper and use it to make a new (not huge) drawing! Send a copy (or the original) to:

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The best drawings will be printed (in black and white) along with your name in the next issue!

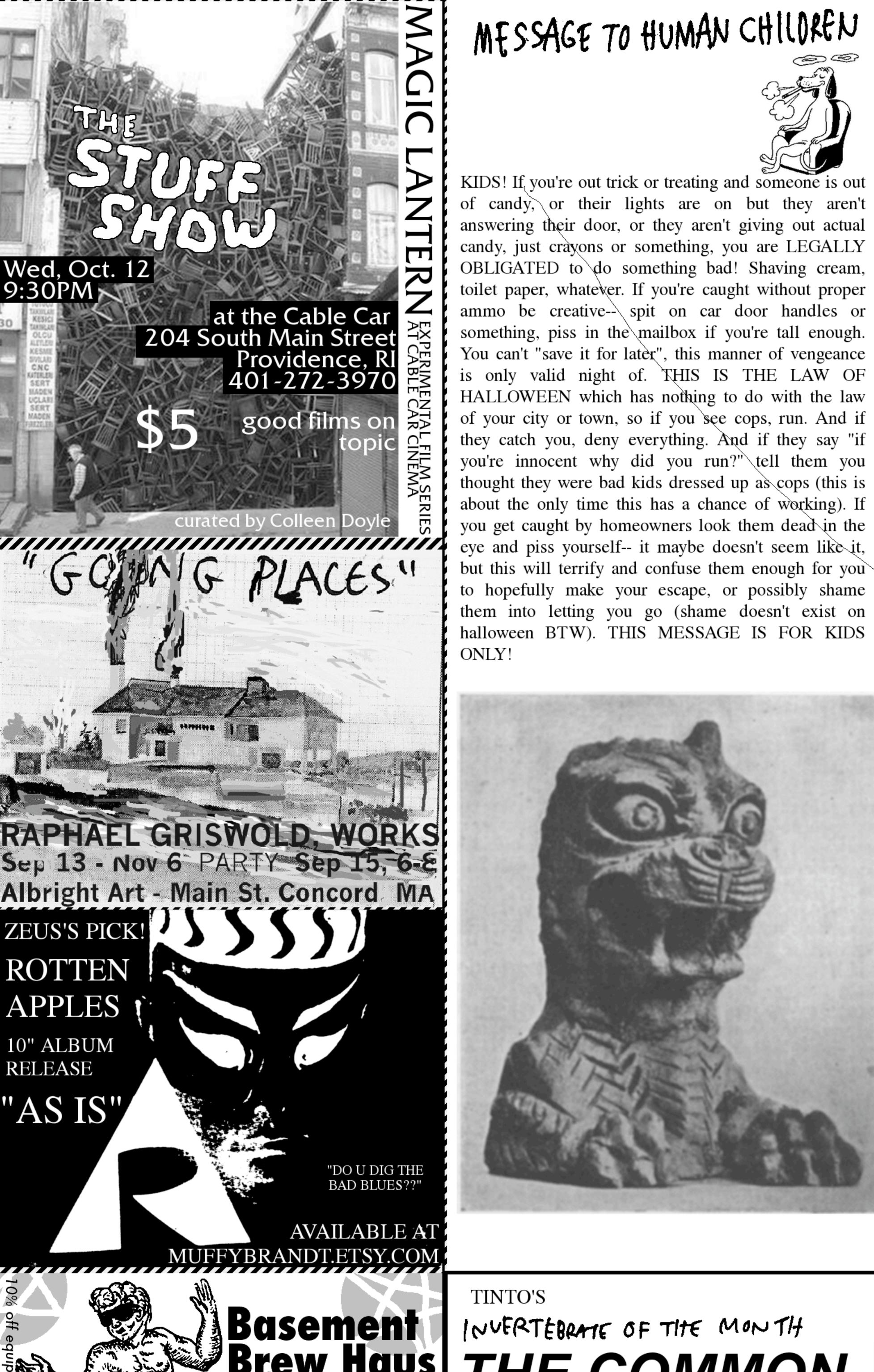
THEE AMBROSE BIERCE MEMORIAL WORD JUMBLE by Ambrose Bierce before he died



YCORRSE The ancient prototype and forerunner of political influence.

			-					
EAEHUBCDE One who has so earnestly								
pursued pleasure that	he	has	hac	d the	e mi	sfor	tune	•
to overtake it.								
RECRUESB The watch-dog of Hades, whose								
duty it was to guard to	he	entr	anc	e a	agai	nst		
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whom or what does not clearly appear; everybody, sooner or later, had to go there, and nobody wanted to carry off the entrance.



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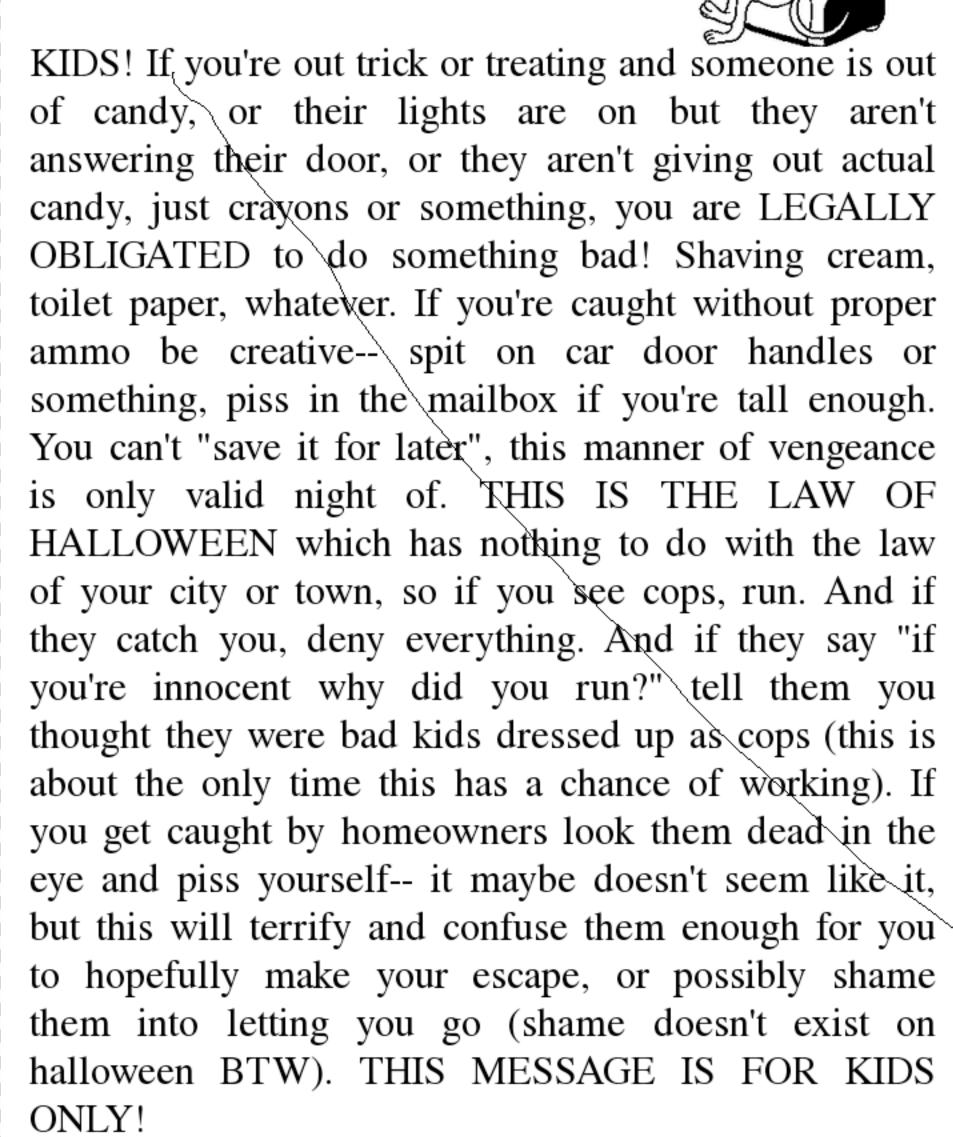
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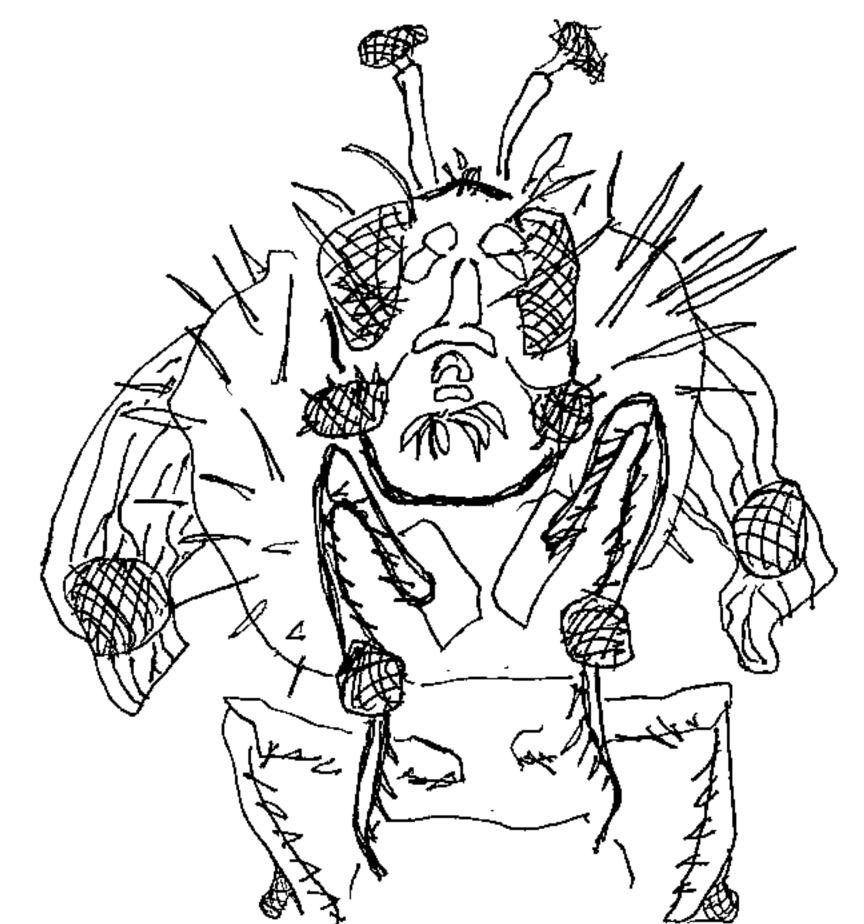
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TINTO'S

INVERTEBRATE OF THE MONTH Brew Haus THE COMMON homebrew supplies • workshops we'll party with you FRUIT FLY



in 1995 walter gehring created a mutant fruit fly that expressed the human eye gene, pax6, in a variety of parts the fly's body. this fly grew up to have red compound eyes not only on it's face, but also on it's knees, wings, antennae, and other weirder parts of it's face. this landmark experiment begs two questions:

(1) if eyes as different as a human's and a fly's can be controlled by the same gene, does this mean that the diversity of life on this planet can be boiled down to a few basic universal legos, wearing different hats in different animals?



resurrectionst, currently living in North Carolina.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 "I SAW YOUR AD LE X X O F A S P K Z N C Q M I S ORPJIRBQUEEXPFXM

SOURCE WALL is a randomly generated table of 144 alphabetic characters. There are many different ways to use such a table- you could use it to select a random password, you could use it to create a month-long cipher solvable only by others with access to this issue of Mothers News (http://tinyurl.com/ B12 I11 L1 B3 G10), you could search for words and near-words that may be relevant to your life, you can use it to select a new name-- there are literally infinite methods of use. For disbelievers in astrology who see the benefit of being guided by a truly random block of text assigned to a specific time period, SOURCE WALL may prove especially useful.

SOURCE WALL expresses true randomness as derived from atmospheric noise, not the called random number generators. Mothers News has no control over any possible content herein, be it inferred or seemingly explicit, and is not responsible for any possible meanings derived, or the ramifications of actions taken as a result. Randomness provided by Random.org. please send success stories only info@mothersnews.news

MESSAGE TO HUMAN ADULTS

If you're closer to being your parent's age than you are to being a shapeless shade of meaning, you are definitely too old to go trick or treating. If you're exactly in the middle age between these things, there's a lot of stuff that even a completely gnarled witch that writes a fucked-up newspaper can't help you out with. But if you're older than that, here's what you do:

If you're into staying home, you can watch scary movies at home and answer the door and dispense candy, or eat the candy yourself, because no one comes to your house, because parents know that bad people live there. Trick or treating is a timeless custom that is a blessing unto the house, so, while you don't have to dress up, you should decorate, with cobwebs, jackolanterns, bloody hands, cardboard gravestones, and so forth. Don't feel hokey decorating-- every few years someone for real commits suicide on Halloween by hanging themselves in a tree outside, only to swing all night and next day while neighbors unbeknownst say their shit looks tacky. Speak as much ill of the dead as you want, but never call them tacky...

If you're into going out, I recommend a long slow walk dressed entirely in black / being aware that actual devils will be walking the streets. Come home and drink cider, tell ghost stories, and/or read the Robert Burns poem "Hallowe'en". If you're going to a Halloween party, here are some suggestions from Mike T:

HALLOWEEN ZOII: WHAT CAN YOU DO ABOUT IT?

by Mike Taylor

The catch about Halloween costumes is manifold. One, the better the party you're planning to attend, the less you have to actually put into your costume; it's in megablowout situations where a little goes a long way. You just don't want too many tens in one room. It dilutes the meaning of "Ten" (not mathematically speaking, but insofar as qualitative values go). Two, the better the idea, the worse the costume tends to be. Like people who give their cats really literary, humorous names that involve hyphens and the like (e.g., we named her "So Many Churches" because Las Vegas has the most churches of any U.S. City and prostitution is legal in Nevada and she's such a little cat slut, but we call her "Kitty").

So it's not like I can solve your dilemma, but here are some good and bad ideas you can go ahead and cross off don't believe me, here it is on paper:

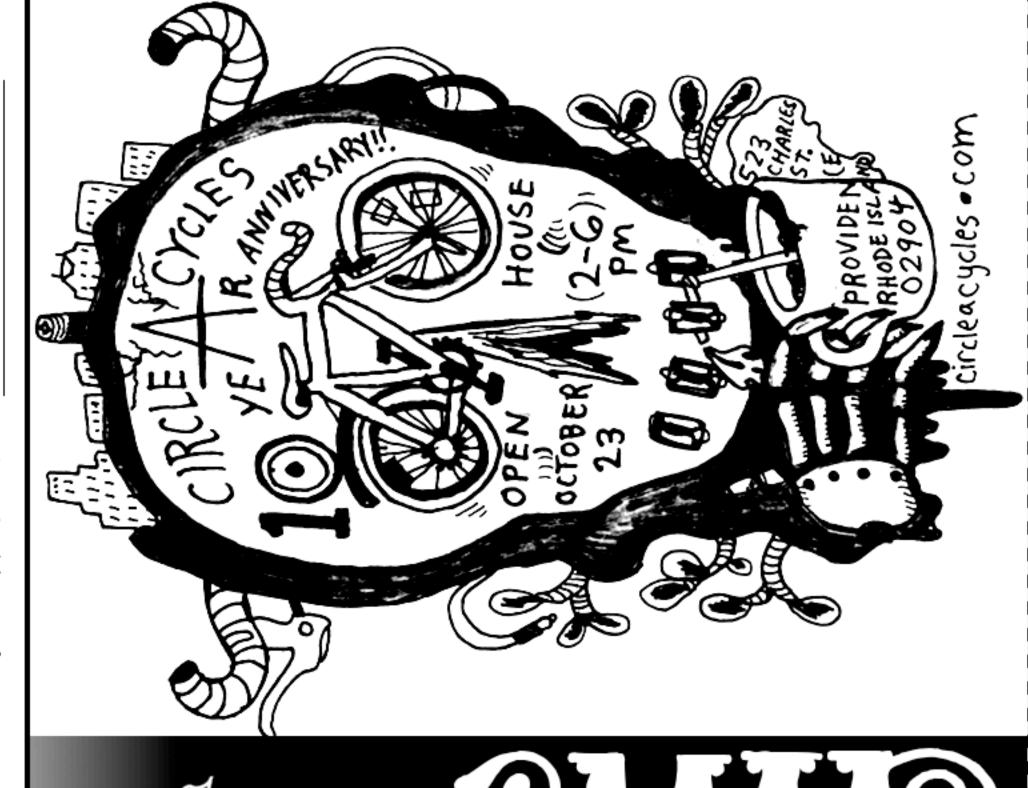
Let's start with bad ideas: Don't go as Octomom. That's just mean. Also, don't go as "Twin Towers", even though....well, just don't do it. Also, don't go as an "Williamsburg", "Double idea....say, Recession" (even though the ice cream pun is tempting), or "Jane Fonda's media assassination at the hands of ill expressed patriotism". You'll spend all night explaining, in a progressively drunken manner, what you're dressed up as, but in all the stories involving you, you'll be remembered as having gone out as "A Hipster", or "The exercise girl". You'll be a cat named Kitty.

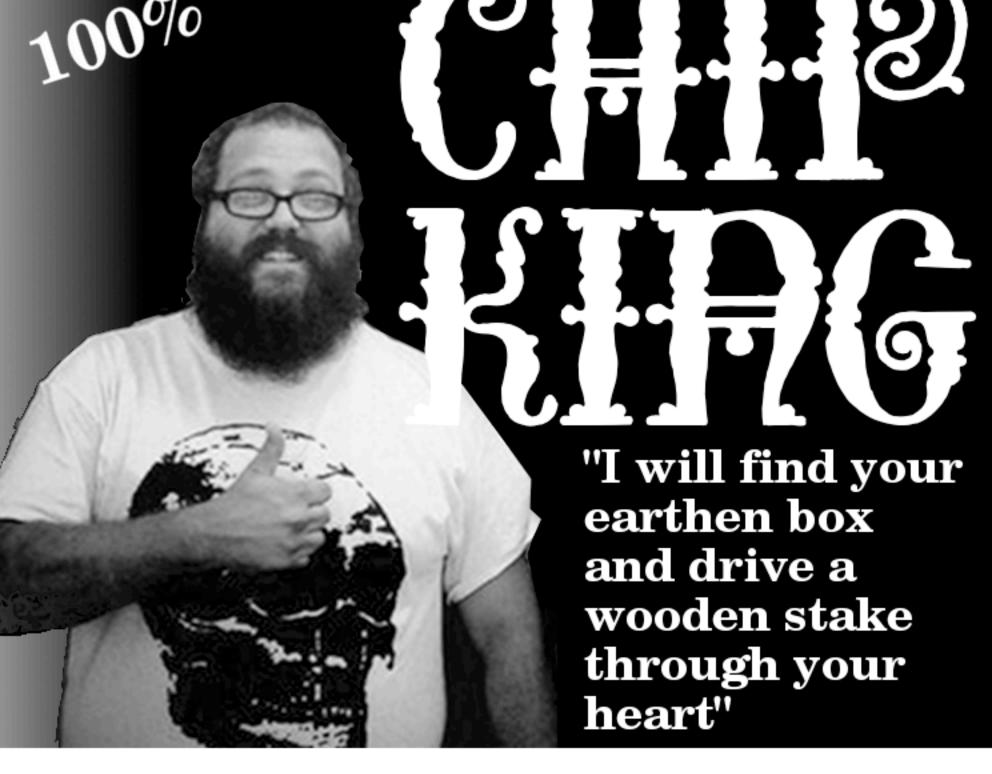
Now some bad ideas that can be massaged into good ideas as long as you avoid getting too art school with it are things like "X as Y"....for example, "George Burns as God". Or a "got it wrong" pun, like "Shelly Winters as Olive Oyl". That could be so good that it's worth explaining all night!

The best ideas tend to be the most simple. Everyone loves a great vampire. The Party Mummy. Victorian Twin Murderesses. Wolf People. Rock Group The Cars. One guy, several zombies. Prosthetic Disasters featuring loads of Fake Blood. Actual Broken Limb. For that matter, bridge the generation gap and go Phantom Limb. Some great ideas aren't simple. BedBug Mattress is gonna be big this year, as is Quadafi Zombie. Actually, all Zombies of people who aren't dead yet are great ideas. Bob Newhart zombie, for example.

I think the key is to remember the reason for the season: you're scaring away evil spirits from your crops. Important stuff. So keep it dumb, keep it in the realm of pelts, colonial aesthetics, and fluids. Everything will be fine. You're gonna get so much candy corn.







JEFF PAGEAU

Tattooiste

"Tattooisme... c'est ma vie"

Rhode Islande Nouveau Englande

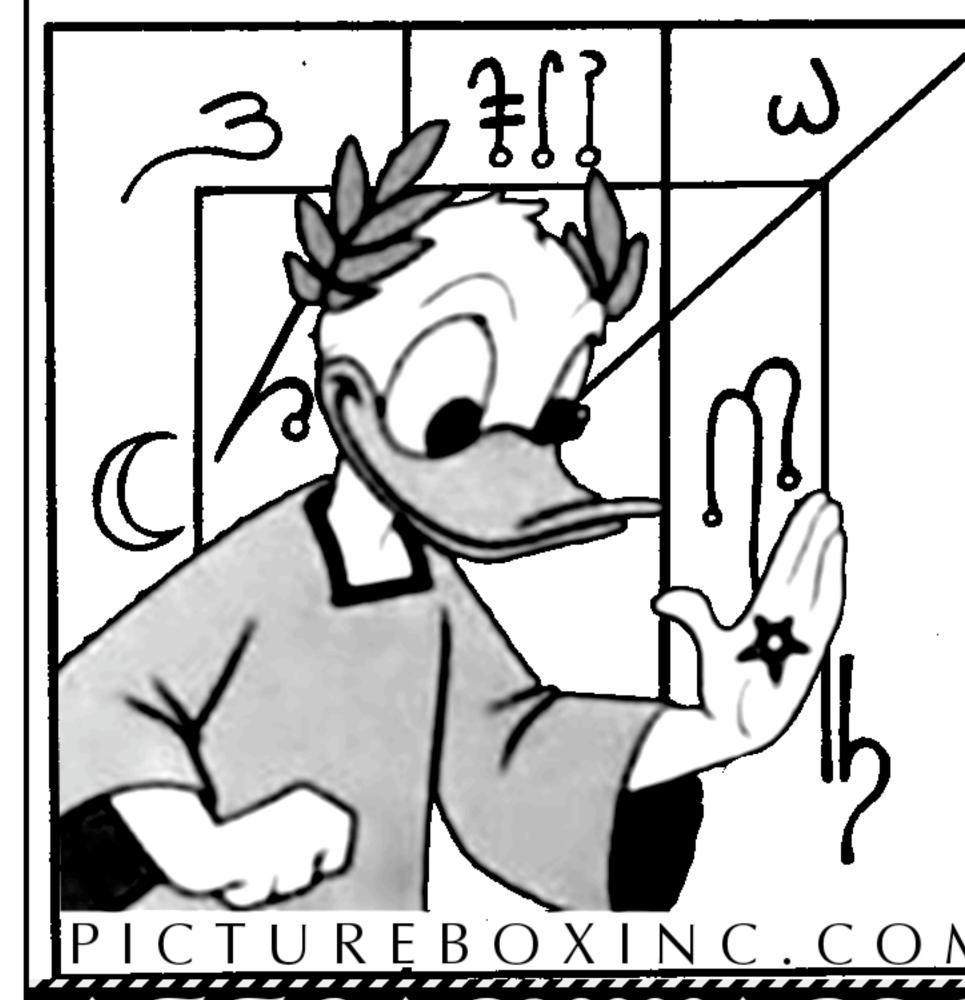
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some good and bad ideas you can go ahead and cross off the list because I came up with them already and if you don't believe me, here it is on paper:

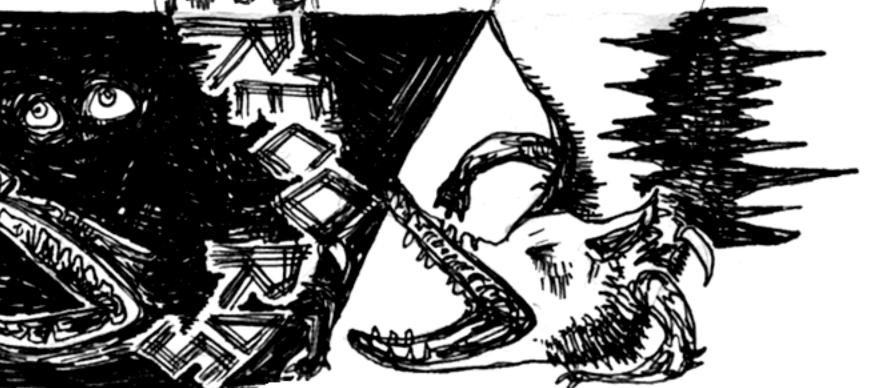
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
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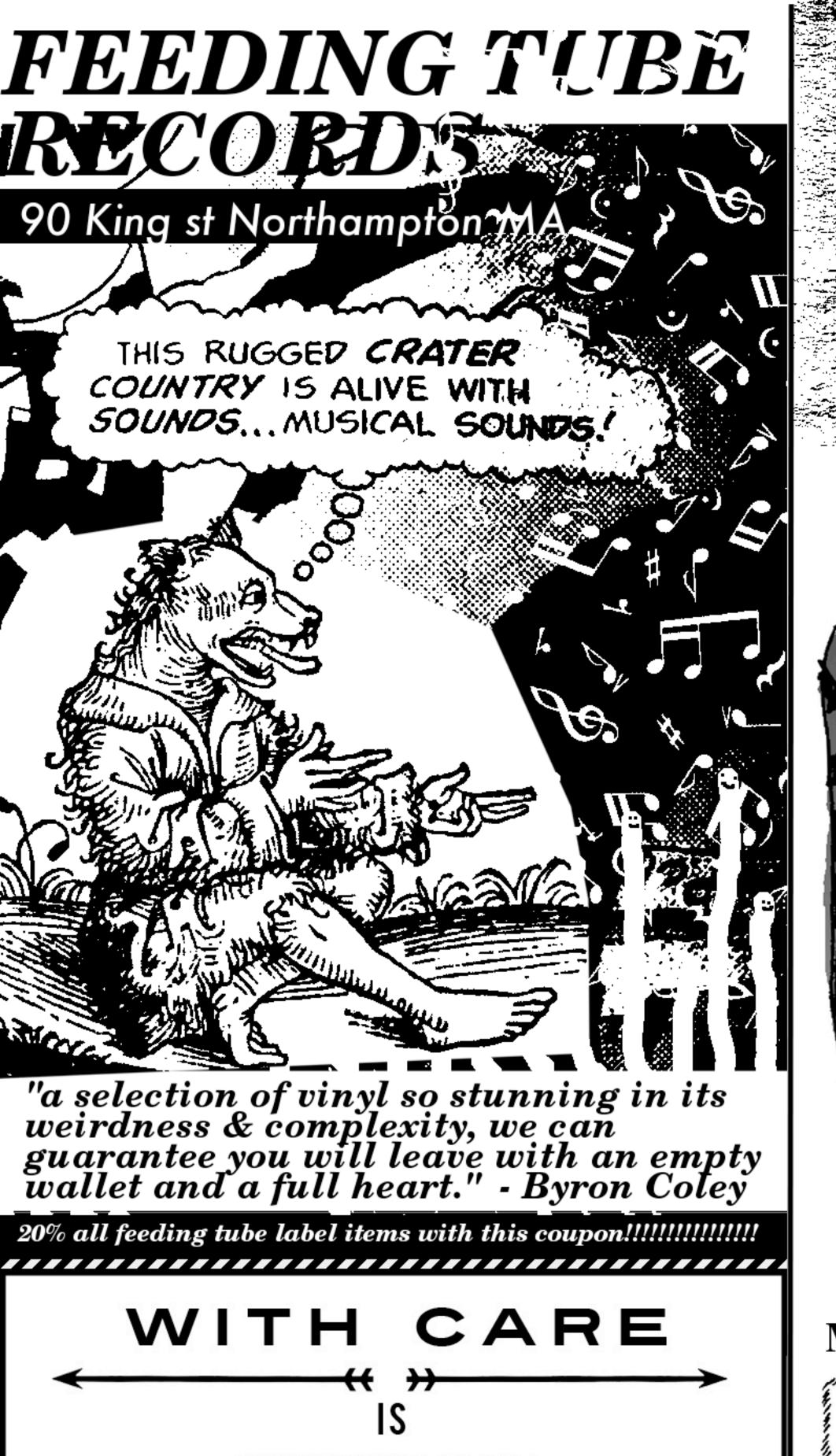












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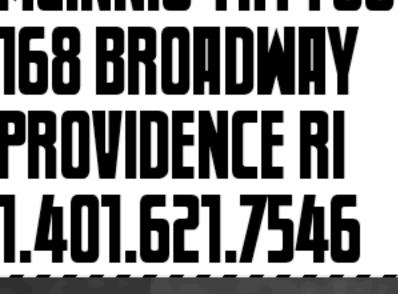
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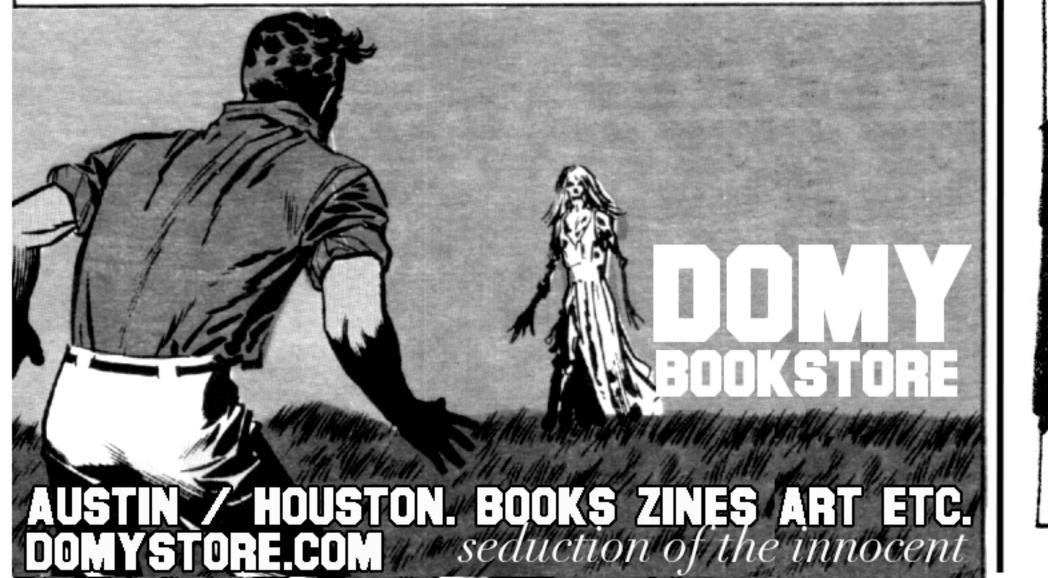
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FAISH NOISERECORDS

roise his nop mistapes, we're atheist.

jewishnoisedotoro:

YOU RACE MADLY OUT OF THE HOUSE! IT CAN'T BE TRUE! SHE CAN'T COME BACK! YOU STOP! THERE, STUMBLING GROTESQUELY ACROSS THE COMPOUND TOWARD YOU, IS THE ROTTED REMAINS OF WHAT ONCE WAS YOUR WIFE! YOU FEEL SICK ...

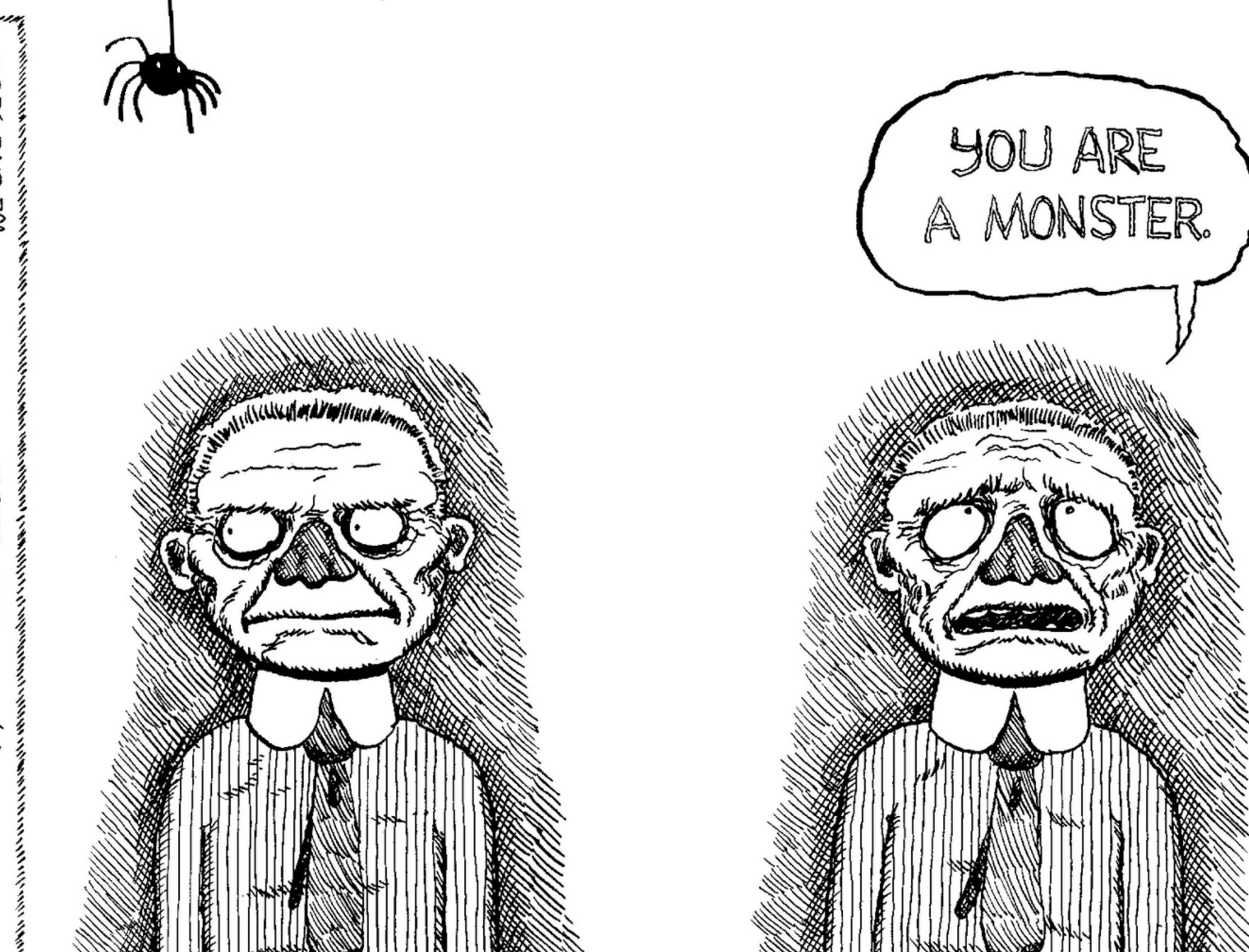


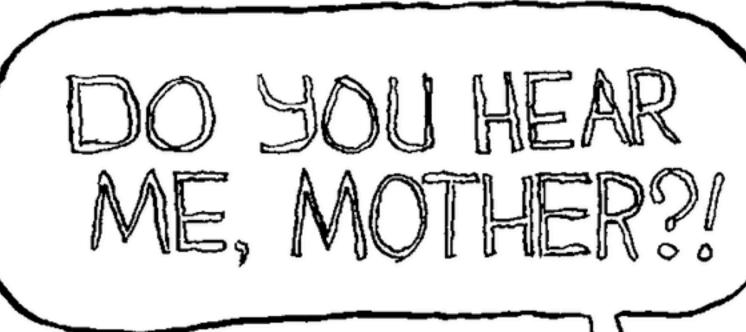


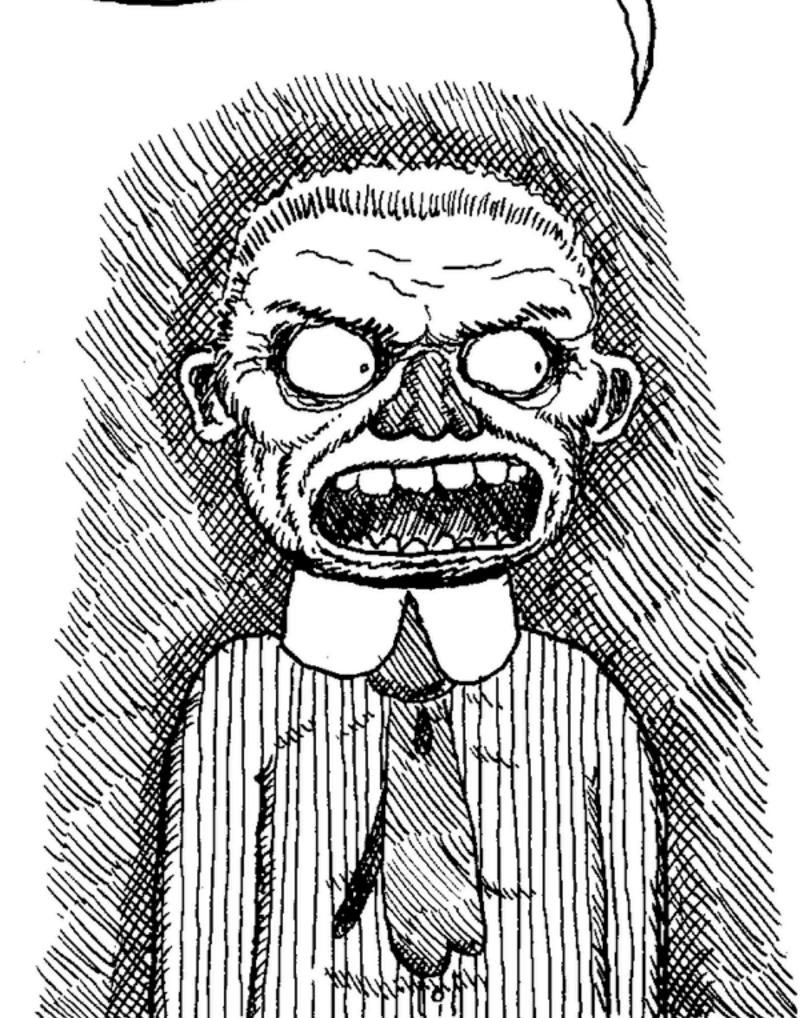




MY MOTHER'S NOOSE by Charles Forsman











THE SAINT by Kate Schapira

Wet spook, acéphale, howling lubber. Baby wants what, gropes plump, wracks your stars and runs your night like an unrescued hound, all out. It doesn't know, it needs. Swells like a brew of crumbs, saliva, leaves and water, swells toward winter to fill your house, to press you against white lamblike puffiness that suffocates you.

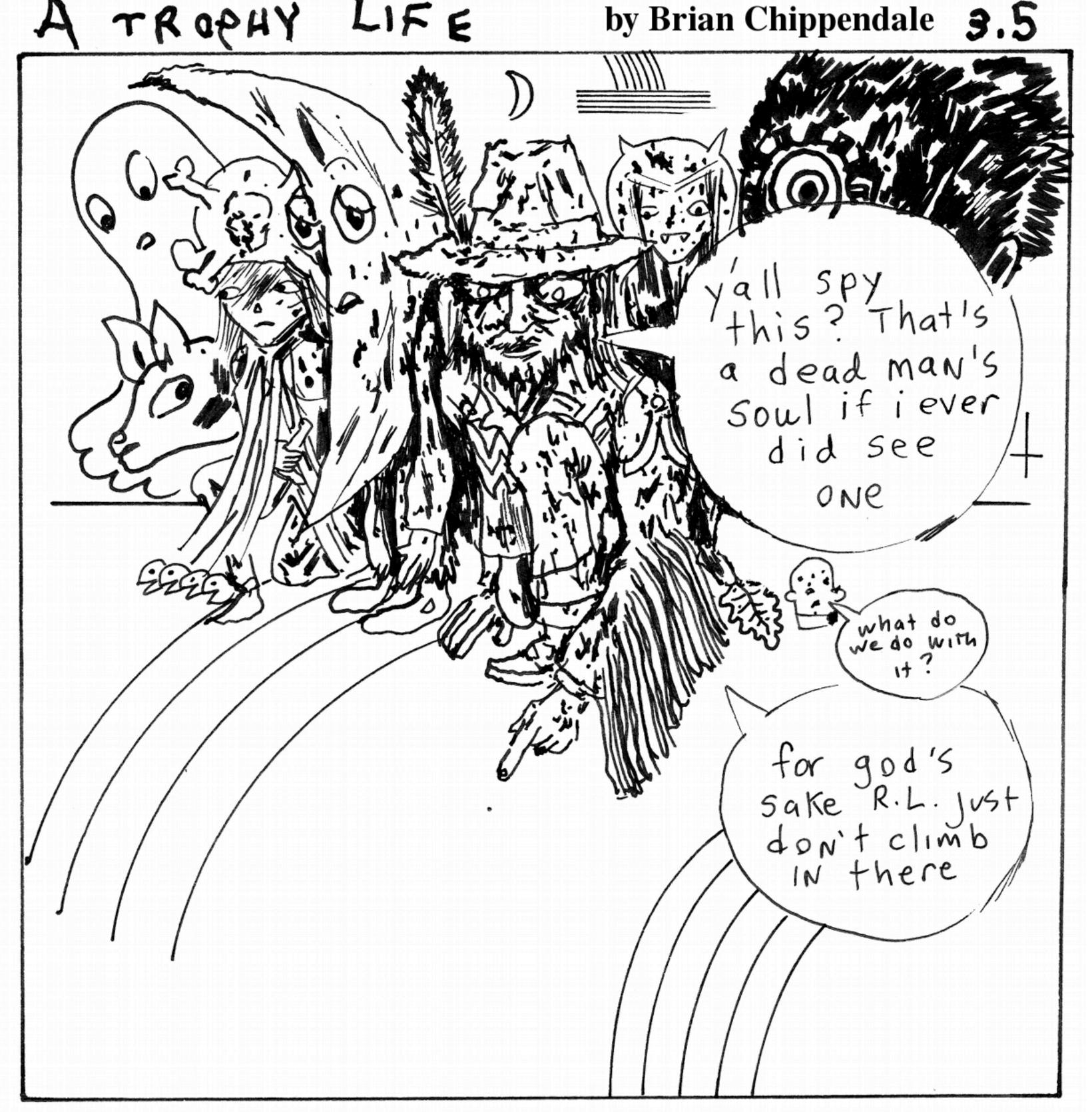
"Monster Trinity"

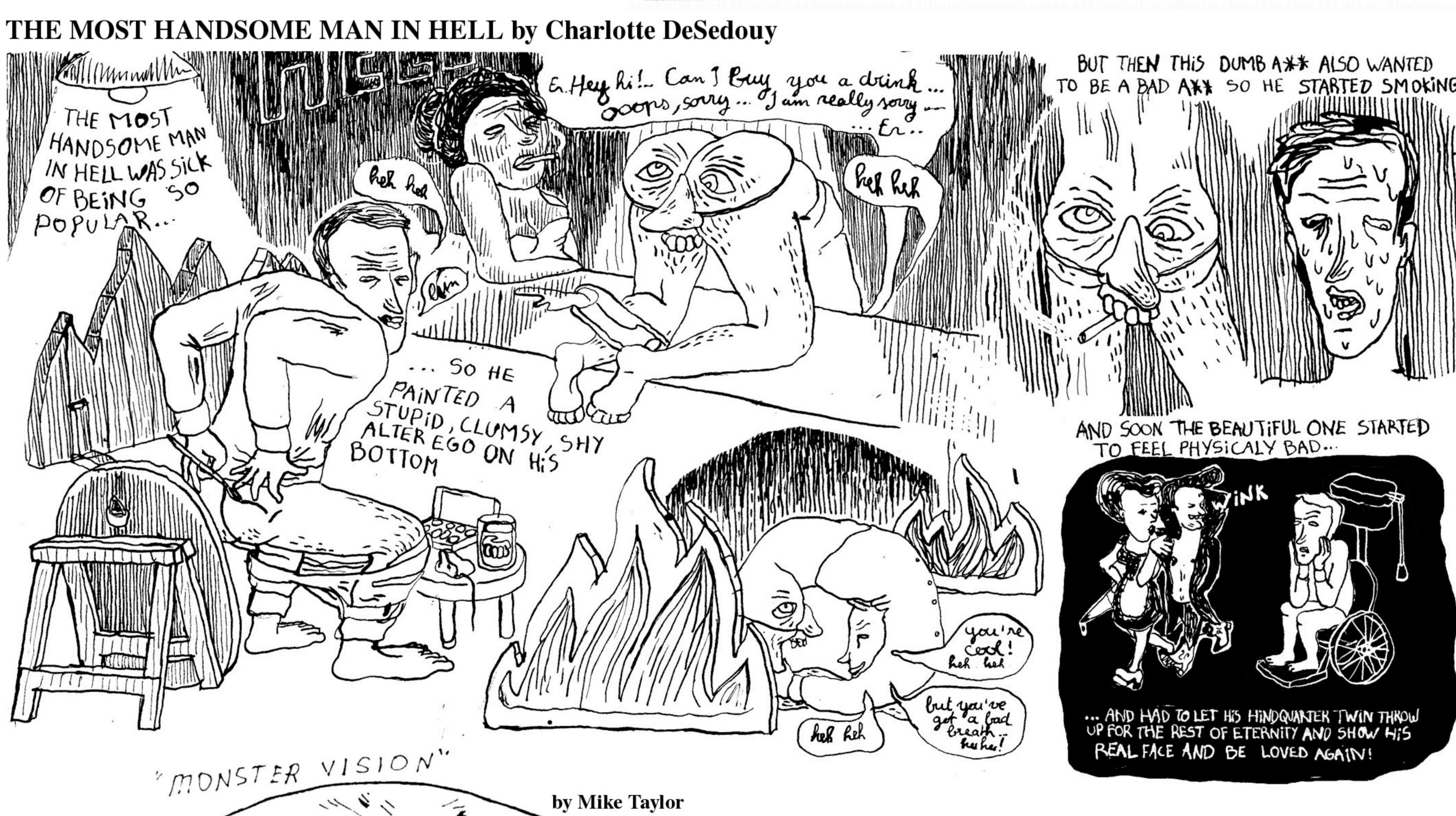
Hairy uprightness flings a thin shadow down from the top of its pillar like a skin. No lollop below, no bellow, troubles it. Who below sends food up in baskets, hauling on the thin and hairy ropes? Faint and ascetic it barely distorts the heat-shiver, all-weather, it never lowers itself but sounds of sweeping reach it faintly as it sheds and sheds.

Martyr-monster, motor-minded, wrings its flesh in strips till they're white as snow's laundry. Over its own eyes it looks at you across a lake of blood, inviting you to dabble. It means it, it assures you, stretches its strips on a drying frame, chews and swallows the crystals of chalk that were bones. Yet it too is haunted. It knows the blood will come again.





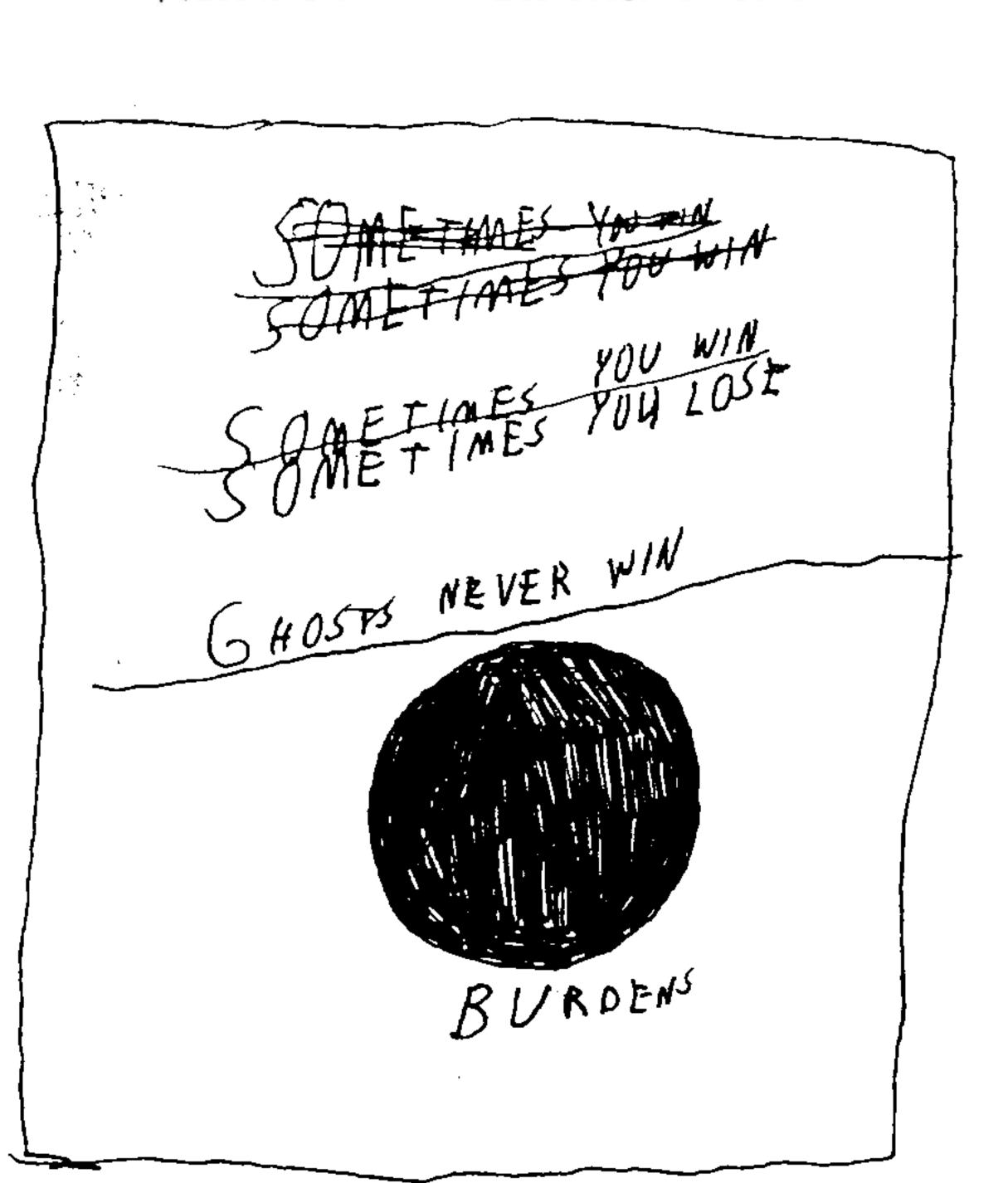






RECURRING CHILDHOOD NIGHTMARE: THE HINGED DOLLHOUSE CONTAINING MY PARENTS. BUT THEY SPOKE IN DIFFERENT VOICES, CALLED ME BY A NAME OTHER THAN MY DWN, AND CHEWED ON MOUTHS FULL OF WHAT APPEARED TO BE EXCREMENT.

Jim Drain

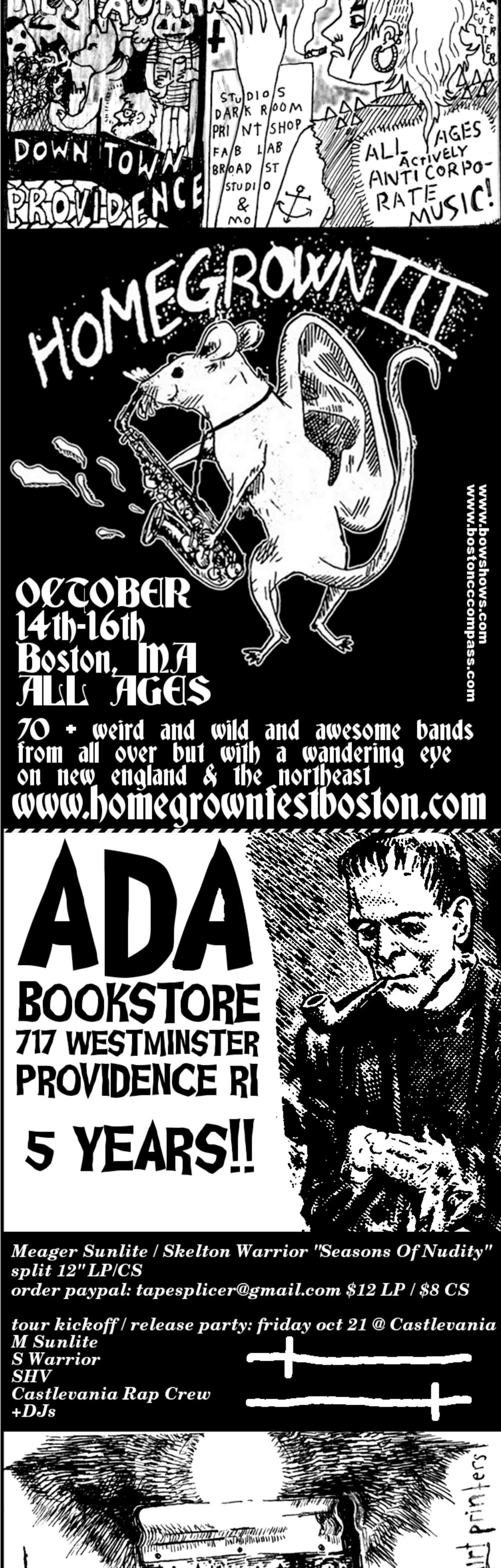


LEO HEINZEL JULIA **MOZSES** KATRINA

NEW CHARACTER by the Providence Comics Consortium SIM Sh A name: Slasher height: 5'9" weight: 300 lbs. home base: Spaceship powers/abilities: Everything weaknesses: Nothing wants: World Domination fears: Nothing precious objects: His power Staff occupation: His Layer partners: No one enemies: The Universe origin story: Born by a star, destiny to rule the universe. Has no parents, millions of years old. Dominated 5

galaxies and he is on his way to the Milky Way and he's going to clone him self on each planet.

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EVERYTHING IS COMPLETE GARBAGE







Gossip Section by Josephine "the Trollop" Mendes

HI everyone, how've you been as if I didn't know... you've been miserable, tormented by waking dreams of me... and at night you dream of my cold plastic fingernails... wake up with a cockroach on your leg... try to scream and it comes out a laugh... from my mouth... here's some gossip... stuff that YOU don't even know ABOUT YOU...

CHEALA FINCE moved into a new house with ANDREW ETCH and LOIS BORRACHA-- the hideous indistinct mumbling of the incredibly aged French housekeeper, the large amounts of food seen to enter a door within which only four persons lived, and the quality of certain voices often heard in muffled conversation at highly unseasonable times have all contributed to this house having a bad name in the neighborhood. ...LOLA PALLORINO lets a quart of mint chocolate chip ice cream melt on the counter, then freezes it again, then eats it, that's weird. Other flavors she eats regular, like a wholesome and decent person. "like". Hey. Sources close to this reporter say that CHRIS MULLIGAN is either a time traveler or has lived before... recently uncovered cinematographs put him at the Kentucky Derby in 1925, seemingly mouthing the words "DRUG MOP" into the camera. Hmm... OK, this is almost unbelievable, but Pittsburgh entrepreneur JEFFREY ALEXANDER was peeing outside at a barbeque and a bat flew into his exposed penis. Not INTO into, but still, that's rather extraordinary wouldn't you say? He didn't get bit, just thumped... speaking of things that go thump in the night, OLIVIA HORVARTH has been working into the wee hours of the morning on some manner of potion... curious porters and teamers have reported all manner of fantastic flasks, crucibles, alembics, and furnaces in the low shelved workroom at Horvarth estates... I thought JACK TRILLMARTH might know something about it, I overheard him say "throw the potion to the ground, step into the netherworld and pull a coin from the earth- bring the coin back to the day land". Ahhhhh he was just talking about Super Mario 2... I have a suspicion that the real potion... is mostly gin... ...Hey, speaking of things that are mostly gin, MARK LOWERED has a bunch of new tapes coming out... rumor has it he got KITES to do a remix on one of them... cool... music... MUFFY BRANDED returned from ROTTEN APPLES tour a few weeks ago... there now seems to lurk in her bearing some cryptic, sardonic arrogance, as if she has come

to find all human beings dull through having moved among stranger and more potent entities... We know that upon return she talked at length with miscellaneous regulars of LOU [C] FULLER's bar, all of whom expressed great reluctance to repeat what 💍 they had heard... Hey speaking of LOUs (but not LOUI'S), LOUIS (LEWIS?) left town after that job with the textbook company run by Scientologists went predictably weird, then sour. Nothing against Scientology... except all their movies suck, the books suck, they're all idiots, it's a sham, it's a cult, it's systemic bullying, and the founder was a criminal dickwad. Lewis is a cool dude though... while living in town his ceaseless work made him virtually an outcast, suspected of vague horrors and demonaic alliances which seem all the more menacing because they can not be named, understood, or even proved to exist. Shit, dude... GOOD LUCK!

asks you for "Mother's Good Word", that's what it is. And if you need a semi-public password for any reason, and you need it to expire in a month, please use Mothers Good Word.

PSSST! Mother's Good Word this

month is "CHTHONIC". If anyone

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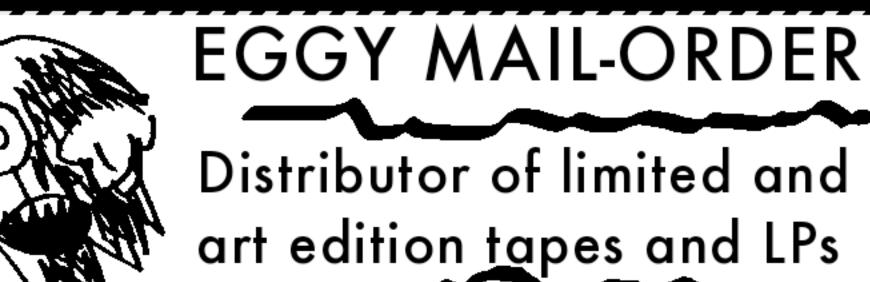


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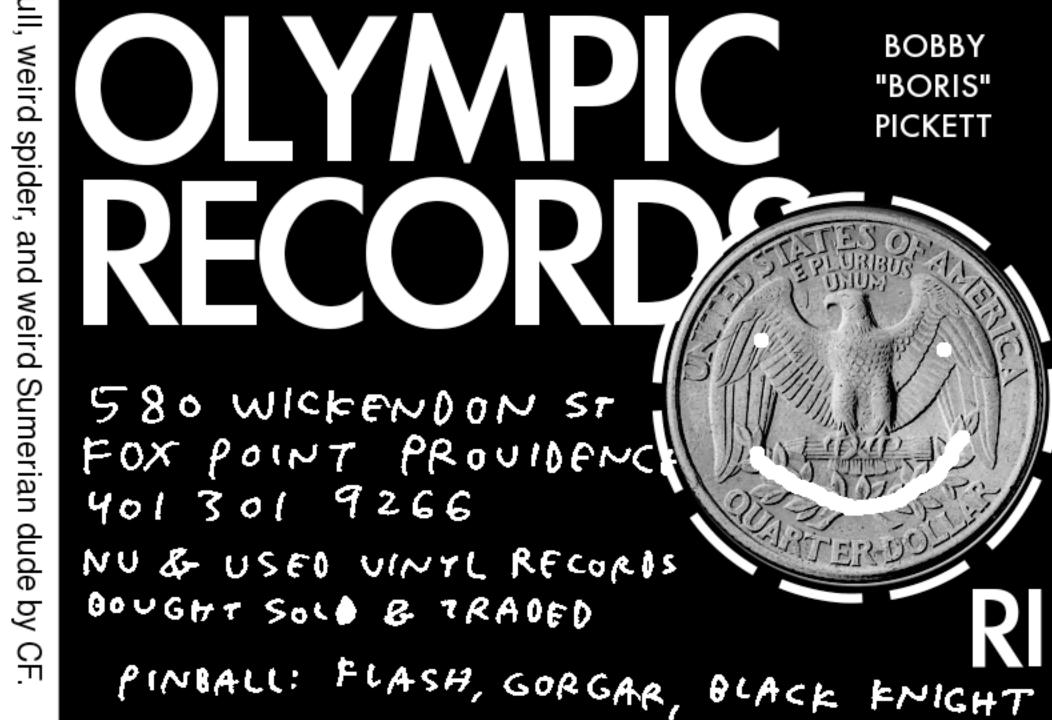
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